

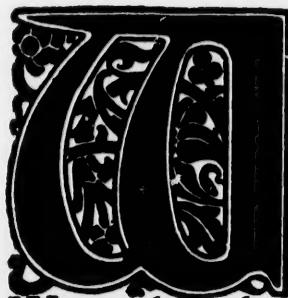
TWO POEMS

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TWO POEMS WRITTEN BY AR-
CHIBALD LAMPMAN & DUNCAN
CAMPBELL SCOTT & PRIVATELY
ISSUED TO THEIR FRIENDS AT
CHRISTMASTIDE 1896


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E plough the field,
And harrow the clod,
And hurl the seed,
Trust for trust:
The germ yields,
The wheat braids,
We gather the sheaf,
Deed for deed:
The stubble moulds,
The chaff is cast,
Dust for dust:
The man is worn,
His days are bound,
But his labour returns,
The child learns,
Round for round;
The god is astir,
Firm and free,
Weaving his plan,
Swelling the tree,
Bracing the man:

All is for gain,
Sweet or acerb,
Laughter or pain,
Freedom or curb:
Follow your bent,
Cry life is joy,
Cry life is woe,
The god is content,
Impartial in power,
Tranquil — and lo!
Like the kernels in quern,
Each in turn,
Comes to his hour,
Nor fast nor slow:
It is well: even so.

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II



HE bees are busy in their
murmurous search,
The birds are putting up
their woven frames,
And all the twigs and
branches of the birch
Are shooting into tiny emerald flames;
The maple leaves are spreading slowly out
Like small red hats, or pointed parasols,
The high-ho flings abroad his merry
shout,
The veery from the inner brushwood
calls:
The gold-green poplar, jocund as may be,
The sunshine in its laughing heart re-
ceives,
And shimmers in the wind innumerably
Through all its host of little lacquered
leaves:
And lo! the bobolink, he soars and sings
With all the heart of summer in his wings.